

"Local Lights."

A SERIES OF CARICATURES OF NEW YORKERS, WITH GENTLY SARCASTIC COMMENTS.

DON'T MISS THEM.

IN THE MORNING WORLD (Metropolis Edition).

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION. IN DAYS GONE BY.

Political Reminiscences of Some of New York's Well-Known Men.

Martin J. Keese Tells of Tammany's Excursion to Meet the Fenians.

A Rotten Steamboat Full of Politicians Narrowly Escapes Foundering.

Striving to Prevent the Republicans from Capturing the Irish Exiles.

"Exciting experiences? Yes, I think I can say, without boasting, that I've had a few," said the veteran keeper of the City Hall, Martin J. Keese, when pressed for a stirring reminiscence of his political career.

"I held my own with the Ellsworth Zouaves in that memorable retreat after the first Bull Run. I was something of a sprinter then. I've also seen and participated in some lively affairs with the old Volunteer Fire Department. You know how we used to shake things up in the old times."

"Then, too, my experiences in downtown politics have not been altogether devoid of interest, and, if I understand you, it is a political experience you want."

"Now, this isn't exactly a political story I am going to tell you, and then again it is. It's a tale of danger on the high seas, and a terrible danger it was, and most exciting it would have been had the hundreds of people who were subjected to it known what it was."

"It is a political story, too, for we got into our plight because of a desire to advance the interests of our political organization."

"A cablegram was received in this city about the middle of January, 1871, from Alexander M. Sullivan in Dublin announcing that sixteen of the Irish Fenian prisoners who had been released from English dungeons, agreeable to the provisions of the Amnesty act, had shipped on the Cunard steamship Cuba and were on their way to New York."

"It doesn't matter much about the cause of their release. That's history, and it is pretty generally understood that England was fearful that she was going to get mixed up in that Franco-Prussian disturbance and didn't want all Ireland arrayed against her."

"What we have to do with is the result of the announcement that these Irish heroes were on their way to America's shores."

"There was the greatest excitement in New York over the event. The Irish societies determined to give the released Fenians a rousing reception, and right here is where politics cropped out."

"The Tweed regime was in the glory of its power, and Dick Connolly, then Comptroller, and other Tammany Hall leaders decided that the Wigwam must take hold of the matter; and take hold of it it did with a vengeance."

"A large amount of money was raised in Tammany Hall for the ex-prisoners and a big reception by the municipality was planned."

"But Tammany Hall was not to have it all its own way."

"Big Tom Murphy was President Grant's Collector of the Port, and he, having supervision of incoming vessels, proposed to step in and make the reception a national affair and incidentally boom Republican stock."

"Tammany Hall engaged apartments at the Metropolitan Hotel for the refugees. Tom Murphy, now at the Astor House, and secured the raising of a fund of \$3,000 for presentation to them, to offset Tammany Hall's big fund."

"Collector Murphy had the advantage of the revenue cutters and boarding officers; but it would never do to let him capture the distinguished Fenians and advance Republican interests, so Tammany set about to circumvent him."

"The public meetings in preparation for the reception were kept up by Tammany, and tickets were issued for the steamer which it was generally known had been engaged to go down the bay and meet the Cuba."

"At the same time, however, other ar-

rangements were being made to send another boat out in advance and intercept the Cuba at sea if possible.

"When it was thought that the Cuba ought to be bearing port the quiet tip was given and a horde of Tammany Hall men swarmed aboard the Empire State, near the foot of Murray street, at noon one day and put out to sea."

"Leaders? — no! Everybody was a leader. It was a great freight that that old tub had on board. Wine! Oceans of it! Turkey, chicken, sandwiches and salads; hundreds of Wigwamites and a score or more of jolly reporters."

"Johnny Crump was the steward, and I assisted him in dispensing the good cheer. There wasn't any end to it, excepting the end towards you, though the boys did try mighty hard to reach the other. Tweed paid the freight."

"Oh, yes! I forgot to mention that we also had aboard John Mitchell and Michael Donohy, the Irish exiles, who were to welcome their friends in fitting speech."

"Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley are disast with this action, on which the last negotiations at Fontenay were based. They have all along been opposed to entering upon any relations with Fenian, and they are not likely to accept the result of the Boulogne conference."

"The latter branch of the alternative is freely talked of as probable."

"Germany and Russia may help settle the Behring Sea dispute."

"LONDON, JAN. 28.—Lord Salisbury was closeted yesterday for three hours, at the Foreign Office, with Minister Lincoln, the Behring Sea dispute being under discussion."

"It is reported that heretofore negotiations will become more international in their character, and that among the Powers to assist in the solution of the difficulty will be Germany and Russia."

"The Theatre Francaise Company Determine to Resign."

"PARIS, JAN. 28.—The Theatre Francaise, at a meeting last night, decided to resign to-day on account of the enforced suspension of the performance of M. Sardou's 'Tadmoor.'"

"M. Coquelin and the majority of the company will go on tour abroad, playing 'Thermidor.'"

"Mr. Bradlaugh Lay Unconscious All Last Night."

"LONDON, JAN. 28.—Mr. Charles Bradlaugh was unconscious all last night, and it is believed that he is now dying."

"Men who never made a speech before mounted on the chairs and delivered themselves of orations. The chairs had to be held up; so did the orators, and there really should have been some support for the supporters of these."

"I will say though, in explanation of this statement, that such support was needed quite as much on account of the violence of the elements as for any other reason."

"That old Empire State, I really believe, was about as rotten a tub as ever set afloat with a load of living freight."

"When she'd mounted a wave she'd bend like a piece of wickerwork, and it was an utter impossibility for a land-lubber to keep his feet on her."

"I've been told since that the only thing that kept her planks together was the pressure of the water, and that, when she was dry-docked, pretty much her whole bottom fell off."

"That was a fine craft to be out on the Atlantic in a storm with, wasn't it?"

"Well, that's the thing I risked my life on, as did hundreds of good fellows, among whom were Jim Neils, Andy Purcell, Gull Costello, Dan Kiwan, Jo Clarke, Nick Langdon, Gen. Thomas Francis Bourke, Pat Cunningham, Jack Fynes, of Boston; Frank Clarke, Jack Dolan and a host of others I can't now recall."

"About midnight, still headed for the east, we ran into a lot of drift ice, and our old scow just sailed right up a big floe and stuck there."

"We couldn't get forward or back, and the Captain was afraid his rotten old craft would break in two and drop us to the bottom."

"All oblivious of the serious condition of affairs the hundreds in the cabin kept on their jollification, singing, speech-making and dancing."

"Dave Jones's locker was yawning for them, but they didn't know it."

"The captain ordered Frank Clarke to fire the boat's gun as a signal of distress."

"The old fireman started to do so, as he told me afterwards, but he couldn't refrain from stopping and laughing at what he considered a ridiculous sight—several hundred men rollicking and raising merry Hades when death was grinning at them through the cabin windows."

"Before Frank could get to the gun the ice floe on which we had lodged cracked, separated on either side of us, and we slid into the water again."

"No time was lost in turning the old tub towards home which we reached at 11 o'clock the next morning."

"The ex-Fenian prisoners did not arrive for a day or two afterwards, and I didn't go down to Quarantine to meet them. I'd had enough of boating."

"There were five instead of sixteen of them—Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, Charles Underwood O'Connell, John Devoy, John McEneaney and Henry S. Mallock."

"The best of it was that in spite of the fight to be first to receive them, and our memorable and thrilling night experience on an ice floe in the Atlantic Ocean neither Tammany Hall nor the Republican party were allowed to make capital out of the reception."

"The men refused to go with either party, and even took quarters at a hotel of their own selection."

"Later a reception was tendered them at the City Hall, and still later one at Washington."

"At the same time, however, other ar-

NEWS OF THE DAY ABROAD.

Again the Report in London That Mr. Gladstone May Resign.

The Company of the Theatre Francaise Determine to Resign.

Runaway Boys Sent Home.

Averted a Tenement Panic.

His Call was Sudden.

Lally's Case Again Adjudged.

Fayerweather Will Contest Postponed.

Stabbed His Man and Fled.

Too Much Heat in His Greenhouse.

Police Report Dangerous Poles.

Died of a Fractured Skull.

Bohl's Stabbers Held.

John R. Rogers, Plaintiff.

Michael Davitt Very Ill at His Residence Near Dublin.

Dead Cattle on the Seas.

Were They Part of Cargo of the Lost Steamer Thanemore?

Forger Smith's Effects at Auction.

Fire at 1230 Street in the City.

Caught Thieves in His Bedroom.

Became Maniac and Violent.

Firebugs Still at Work.

Effect of Mrs. Flack's Death.

Mr. Nicol Fears It Will Prevent the Ex-Sheriff's Retrial.

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CITY NEWS tersely told.

To-Day's Record of Minor Happenings About Town.

Chronicles Briefly Drawn from Note Book and Docket.

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107 DEAD FOUND.

Awful Loss of Life Attended the Mammoth Mine Disaster.

A Natural Gas Pocket May Have Caused the Explosion.

The Little Village Passed a Night of Sleeplessness and Mourning.

YORKWOOD, Pa., Jan. 28.—Many of the 110 victims of the terrible explosion of yesterday afternoon at the Mammoth Mine, No. 1, of the Frick Coke Co., are mutilated beyond recognition.

Of the bodies so far recovered the following have been identified:

August Lank, Jr.; Michael Stonyk, sr.; Michael Stonyk, jr.; Stephen Swartz, William Burchell, Stephen Horen, James Duple, James Dori, William Smith, Patrick Lumbly, Fritz Newell, Louis Louis, William Louis, James Murphy, Jacob Myers, John Kachera, Martin Brannon, George Wilson, Mike Kelly, Frank Kozak, John Eaton, Garrett Hillman, John Vandarran, — Tunnell, Thomas Brown, Peter Swinger, John Johnston, August Tunk, Martin Call, Jacob Mayer, James Riley, Martin Brennan, — Fitzgerald, John Doyle, Louis Lewis, William Burchell, James Mulhally, James Herrick, James Kettie, Gerrard Hulse, Kara Hulse, Daniel Garion, George Brumyard, Stephen Plank, Matthias Philip, John Berry, Jon Wherry, Joseph Darnick, Josef Dast, Andreia Strelitz, Mike Matasagorak, Jan Witah, Jon Dnistric, Walenstef Howas, — Duxie, Mike Gusk, Stefan, James Depas, Mike Holinsky, Andreia Svanosky, Mike Svanosky, Anton Giazaw, Jan Tomaz, Valentine Kagit, Marha Treburky, Mike Kokorabi, Zura Kyria.

Fire Boss Smith was identified only by his gun, which was found near the mine. The explosion, for his body was scattered about in dozens of places. His head was blown from his shoulders, both his legs were torn off, and his clothing was ripped into shreds.

That part of his body recovered was roasted and blackened.

His safety lamp was shattered into numberless pieces. His left hand, clutching the lamp, was found over 100 feet from the trunk of the body, and one of his gun boots was found fifty yards away.

Nobody went to bed at Mammoth last night. In every home in the little mining hamlet there was mourning, yet there was no doubt of the fact that the explosion was a disaster.

The little one-story houses, scantily furnished, were illuminated with a tallow candle. A mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart sobbed in silence.

They only knew that the mysterious accident had befallen and bereft them. They could not see the dead, but they were sure of the lying, and their grief was deep and keen.

The victims will be buried by the Company. Many of the unfortunate were foreigners and will be sent to Scotland for interment.

Gen. Supt. Lynch was spent all day and night in the mine, where the horror occurred, says there is absolutely no way to account for the accident.

Capt. Schoonmaker, of the United Coke Company, who has been with Supt. Lynch all day and night, says the accident cannot be accounted for, but he believes a pocket of natural gas was the cause.

Rev. Father Lambing, of Scotland, was at the scene of the horror last evening. He spent the night among the families of the victims, offering condolences.

Dr. McCormick, of Greensburg; Wilson, of Mount Pleasant; Meyers, of Scotland; Park, of Greensburg, and several others from Scotland, Eyerson and Mount Pleasant are in attendance.

They were taken into the mines, but their services were not required. They are useful, however, in caring for the rescuers, who are at times overcome by their industrious efforts.

The bodies of the dead, so far removed from the mine and embalmed by the several undertakers are arrayed in tiers in the rear of a building near the shaft, where they will be viewed by the coroner's jury.

A rope was stretched about the building last night, with officers at convenient points to prevent intrusion, and no woman or relative of the unfortunate were allowed within fifty yards of the dead bodies.

Outside the lines at midnight at least two hundred women were gathered waiting quietly for the dead to be turned over to them.

The rescuers carried the flickering lamps, hurried about, sad-faced and silent. They were not allowed to give out the names of those recovered, even if they knew them.

The disaster is the greatest that ever occurred in the Connellsville coke region, and it is estimated that sixty families are left in mourning and destitution.

The mine has been working for five years and there has never been a suspicion of gas.

Fire-Boss William Smith, whose body was so horribly mangled, had but a few hours before the explosion filed his report, in which he said he had examined the working places in the mine and found them to be in a condition for men and other workers employed there.

Up to 10 o'clock this morning 107 dead bodies had been taken from the wrecked mine.

The number may reach 125.

DRUGGIST WAITING DROPS DEAD.

Attacked by Heart Disease While Buying a Cigar.

Arthur Walling, a well-known druggist of 44 University street, dropped dead in a sudden attack of heart disease, about 1 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Walling was returning from the bedside of a sick daughter in West Twenty-eighth street, when he went into the saloon, which is kept by John J. Sullivan, and asked for a cigar.

When he was summoned, seated a moment, he was taken ill, and died in a few minutes.

Dr. McKim and Clark were called, and a post-mortem was made, but no cause was determined.

Walling's two sons were notified of their father's death, and when they arrived at the saloon, they were summoned, seated a moment, he was taken ill, and died in a few minutes.

Walling was a well-known druggist, and was the proprietor of the living pharmacy in University street.

THE REAPING SEASON BEGINS.



JAMES A. SIMMONS ON TRIAL.

Classen's Alleged Associate in Wrecking the Sixth National Bank.

After many delays, James A. Simmons, the alleged bank wrecker, who is charged with being an ally of Peter Classen, was brought to trial to-day in the United States Circuit Court, before Judge Benedict.

Simmons was indicted for aiding and abetting in the illegal appropriation of the securities of the Sixth National Bank, and after his arrest was released under \$25,000 bail.

Classen has been languishing in Ludlow Street Jail since his conviction in the same Court last summer, under an arrest of sentence pending an appeal, and he, who was convicted of grand larceny for his share in the wrecking of the Lenox Hill and Equitable banks, which were involved in the management of the Sixth National, is now serving his term in Sing Sing.

When Simmons was produced in court this morning he resembled very little the bold and daring speculator who two years ago used to astonish old hands in Wall street by the magnitude of his operations.

He was decidedly seedy in his appearance, and there was a worried and anxious look on his face as he sat with his counsel at the foot of the long table in front of Judge Benedict's desk, and conversed with them earnestly while waiting for his case to be called.

He has apparently grown ten years older since the Sixth Avenue Bank troubles. His lawyers are Richard S. Newcomb, John J. Joyce, Edward H. Murphy and Charles H. Hays, who were all present when the Court opened this morning. They made a formidable array, and if seen combined legal talent can accomplish anything Simmons is bound to make a desperate fight for his liberty.

It is said that he still has many friends in Wall street, who are supporting him in his present struggle. Simmons's counsel rely on the defense that their client, not having been a partner in the Sixth National Bank, cannot be convicted under the indictment, which charges him with conspiracy with Classen, who was its President.

They tried to interpose a demurrer to the indictment on this ground, but the application was denied some days ago by Judge Benedict.

Simon Mitchell, who is assisted in the prosecution by Assistant District Attorney Hays, the County Clerk, and several other officials, many of whom could not find seats were standing.

Apparently the trial excited more interest than that of Gen. Classen. The first work of the court was to obtain a jury, and this, judging from the results of the first hour, was to be a tedious task.

William F. Taitelbaum, a dry goods salesman at 15 Leonard street, was accepted as the first juror.

William Douglas, a gray-haired broker, of 111 Broadway, was the fourth.

The fifth man selected was Valentine H. Daly, a wholesale liquor dealer at No. 115 Wall street, and Herman J. Hamburger, a hardware exporter, of 180 Pearl street, who immediately followed, was accepted for the sixth place.

A brief examination of the jury box.

Clifton Races Postponed.

The Association's Trial at Paterson the Probable Cause.

Today for the fourth time since Winter racing began at Clifton this notice was sent out: "Clifton races postponed."

This is not due to the condition of the track, but to the fact that the three Engemanns are called upon to present themselves before Judge Nixon, at Paterson to-day, to answer to the charge of keeping a disorderly house.

Also, as there is no betting allowed, the Association would be running at a loss of something over a thousand dollars a day.

The entries which were run since Monday will be run off.

Today's race will probably decide whether there will be any racing at Clifton.

MACOMB'S DAM BRIDGE PLANS.

The Park Board Sends Them to the Board of Estimate.

The Park Board held an early morning meeting to-day. President Gilman and Commissioners Park and Stokes sat together at a conference table, and the Board of Estimate of the new Macomb's Dam Bridge.

Engineer Brier had been directed by resolution to prepare plans for a bridge with a roadway forty feet wide in the clear and such other features as the Board of Estimate should require.

The Board of Estimate will be held to-day at 10 o'clock.

Repeaters Twenty Years Ago—Read Capt. Coleman's Political Reminiscence in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

Heroes of the Police.

Brief Sketches and Portraits of the Brave Men Among the City's Guardians.

READ THIS INTERESTING SERIES IN THE MORNING WORLD (METROPOLIS EDITION).

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

MACKAY'S FIGHT.

The Bonanza King Appears in a New and Interesting Role.

He Begins on Ex-Broker Bonyngue with a Knockdown Blow.

A Sensational Scrap Between Helman in the Latters Private Office.

San Francisco, Jan. 28.—Money clashed in the Nevada Bank yesterday, and the affair is the talk of the town to-day.

Millions came together in sanguinary conflict, and clerks had their first view of a private fight since Jim Corbett left the institution.

The combatants represented more money than any two gentlemen who ever came together in rough and tumble.

One of them was John W. Mackay, the bonanza king, and the other was C. W. Bonyngue, formerly Mackay's broker here, but who acquired wealth and set up an establishment in Paris.

Bonyngue was closeted with President Helman in the latter's private office. Both gentlemen were engaged with business topics, the uppermost of which were Nevada Bank affairs and the new cable opposition to the Bennett-Mackay line that Bonyngue is supposed to be promoting.